THE
NATION

MARCH 12, 1960 . . 25c

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CORRUPTION IN CHICAGO

A Big City Ripe for Reform

Leon M. Despres

THE SAME OLD GERMANS

Jesse D. Wolff

DON'T COUNT ROCKEFELLER OUT

James Desmond

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LETTERS

The Fallible 'Czar'

Dear Sirs: Stanley Meisler is to be commended for his article on narcotics czar Anslinger [*The Nation*, Feb. 20], the major booster of the unworkable drug laws his own department tries to administer. Legal expert Rufus King has stated, "It is precisely our law-enforcement efforts, and nothing else, that keep the price of drugs, nearly worthless in themselves, so high as to attract an endless procession of criminal entrepreneurs to keep the traffic flowing."

Commissioner Anslinger continues to deny this and to treat with great contempt any criticism of prevailing policy. As Mr. Meisler rightly notes, the Narcotic Bureau's recent report on ABA-AMA reform proposals "resembles a screech more than an argument." An interesting example is the bureau's reference to the "unfortunate narcotic situation in the United Kingdom. . . ." I have just returned from two years in England studying British narcotics policies in operation. All the data I obtained indicate that the British approach (a medically oriented one, which includes provision of low-cost drugs for certain addicts under medical supervision) is extremely effective and sensible. . . .

Thus far the backers of our present drug laws have labeled all critics "self-appointed narcotics experts" who "conceal their ignorance by ostentation of seeming wisdom" (such critics have included, of course, leading judges, lawyers, physicians and social scientists). But such invective cannot long keep in the background the glaring deficiency and inhumanity of our present addiction policy. An outraged public opinion, demanding a sane alternative, could help bring about a much needed (and, I should think, inevitable) reform.

EDWIN M. SCHUR
Instructor in Sociology
Wellesley College

Wellesley, Mass.

Light Light Bills

Dear Sirs: I have read the article, "TVA: the Unlearned Lesson," printed in *The Nation* of August 1, 1959, and just reprinted in *Senior Citizen* for February of this year. It is refreshing to read a factual article which "lets the figures speak for themselves" and refutes the insinuations of the private-power interests.

As a resident of the TVA area, I used 18,298 kw. of electricity in my home in 1959; the national average is 3,500. When will the private-power interests learn that high rates discourage consumption and keep profits low?

H. A. WEBB

Nashville, Tenn.

A Lead for Liberals

Dear Sirs: The Nation has excelled itself with the editorials in your issue of February 6. . . . I immediately phoned the head social-studies director of our regional high school and told him that I wished to supply each of the school's seniors with a copy of the issue, in the hope that he would organize a debate around the problems raised by your editorials. He was extremely sympathetic to the idea.

Please accept my sincere congratulations on the superb job *The Nation* is doing for the leaderless liberals in the United States.

JULES ARCHER

Pine Plains, N.Y.

Democrats' Opportunity

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "The Candidates and a Politics of Peace" [February 6] is a masterful statement of the political dilemma facing the American people. Congressman James Roosevelt's reply, far from resolving the dilemma, highlights its importance. In connection with civil rights, he says there has been a majority in the Democratic Party which has not played politics on civil rights and that what has kept Congress from making solid progress on this issue is a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats. This, he implies, absolves the Democratic Party from all blame.

Has Mr. Roosevelt's liberal majority used their votes within party conventions to get a strong civil-rights plank in the platform? Do they exercise the myriad of disciplinary measures and pressures that every party majority can, if willing, use on a recalcitrant minority, or are they marking time so as to preserve the Solid South for a Democratic Presidential candidate? In two successive elections they have done this. I hope that they are not preparing to do this a third time.

In the past hundred years, the Democrats have elected only four Presidents — Cleveland, Wilson, Roosevelt and Truman. Cleveland's election has been attributed to a chance remark made by James G. Blaine; Wilson's to a split in the Republican Party; Roosevelt's to the depression and Truman's to his assumption of the mantle of his predecessor. The Democratic Party cannot win by taking over the Republican platform, by adopting the cold-war policy of Truman and Acheson, by statements by Stevenson about stronger "labor" bills, by Kennedy's cry for a strong President to lead us — "where"? The party would do well to adopt your advice and give real leadership to the latent longing of the American people for the kind of platform the editorial outlines.

HENRY H. ABRAMS

New York City

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The Nation, Mar. 12, 1960. Vol. 190, No. 11

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign $1.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 11

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Never-Ending Debate

"Defense" continues to be debated, but the conclusion is as predestined as Calvinist damnation: spend more. If the debate is lost at one level, it is carried to a higher. When the Administration won a draw, or perhaps better, in the recent debate before the Armed Services Committee, the issue was promptly carried to the "hitherto obscure Congressional study group" headed by Senator Henry M. Jackson, the gentleman from Boeing. Previously this group had received about as much attention as a confabulation of orthodontists in Atlantic City, but now it basks in the limelight of *Time*, *Newsweek* and the other purveyors of "right thoughts." Here the cast was made up of "elder statesmen." There was Robert C. Sprague, Massachusetts banker and industrialist and co-chairman of the Gaither Committee of 1957, who distinguished himself by refusing to sell his stock in Sprague Electric to serve as Under Secretary of the Air Force. Said Sprague, bluntly: "The idea that an increase in spending for survival will bankrupt us is, to put a plain word on it, silly." His words were echoed by James P. Baxter III, president of Williams College, another Gaither alumnus, and by Thomas J. Watson, Jr., of I.B.M. who, gritting his teeth, announced his willingness to pay higher taxes in order that the United States should not become a Soviet province. The lead-off witness was Robert A. Lovett, who was also in favor of increasing the arms budget by making more military gadgets and fewer battery-operated drink stirrers, electric manicure files and electrically driven gum massagers.

All these gentlemen who wish to sacrifice for defense appear to be in fairly comfortable circumstances. But there is at least one who is willing to risk penury that the nation may live. He is Thomas G. Lanphier, Jr., who resigned a $50,000 job with Convair Division of General Dynamics to lobby for more Atlas missiles. But Senator Case of South Dakota now demands that Lanphier make clear whether he has actually divested himself "of any major stock interest" in General Dynamics, as well as "any stock option rights he may have in that or any other corporation with missiles to sell." It only goes to show that no matter what a man does for his country, he cannot escape calumny.

NATO and the Germans

The subordination of West Germany through NATO was the price of German rearmament. All of Western Europe understood this, the Germans as well as the countries they had bombed and overrun. It was a halfway plausible theory five years ago, but today it works badly and tomorrow it will not work at all. This is the lesson of the attempt of the Bonn republic, our ally in NATO, to forge a military link with Fascist Spain, our ally outside NATO. It brings to light facts so unpleasant that few American newspapers have had the courage to face up to them, but the facts are there and the consequences will follow as the night the day.

The fairy story has been that Franz Joseph Strauss, Chancellor Adenauer's dynamic Defense Minister, unhandedly went behind NATO's back in an effort to conclude an arrangement with Franco, and was caught and brought to book. But, though Herr Strauss is no doubt capable of pulling a fast one, none of this happens to be true. Herr Strauss dutifully went to Gen. Lauris Norstad, NATO's commander, and told him what he proposed to do. He also told the British, French and American governments. Militarily, Herr Strauss had a case. The Germans need foreign supply bases and training facilities to relieve congestion in their own country, where a jet can hardly climb to altitude without crossing the border. Spain would be handy. There

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German pilots and missilemen — "soldiers of God" in Dr. Adenauer's phrase — would undergo training periods in live firing, which would be impossible in what is left of Germany without blowing the *Bürghers'* heads off.

As a military man, General Norstad could hardly have failed to see the practicality of Herr Strauss's proposal. After all, even "the soldiers of God" must also have supply depots. But as a political administrator, General Norstad could not overlook the objections to locating these depots in the land of Franco, where the budding liaison would be sure to arouse memories of Guernica, Malaga, the Blue Brigade and so on. He told Herr Strauss to take it easy. But Herr Strauss is not so easily dissuaded. Apparently, on returning to Bonn, he gave a fairly optimistic report to his colleagues and continued his endeavors. Now here is what is not generally realized on this side of the water. General Norstad had no authority to order Herr Strauss to desist. All he could do was leak the story to *The New York Times*. General Norstad can give orders within NATO (although they are not necessarily obeyed); he can tell the West Germans what they cannot do in West Germany (although they may do it surreptitiously); but in its relations with a non-NATO country, West Germany is outside of NATO's jurisdiction. It is even possible, as various British Labour MPs have alleged, that the Germans already have some sort of missile research under way in Spain. It would be legal. None of the military conventions with West Germany have teeth in them; besides, you don't bite your good ally, the "last bastion of Western civilization against the barbarism of the East," as Dr. Adenauer described his country to the Pope.

The Western allies have raised a Frankenstein monster, and the monster is growing. There has been such a monster before. In the twenties, the commander of the *Reichswehr,* General Hans von Seekt, and the head of military intelligence, Admiral Canaris, made arrangements for the training of German military aviators in the USSR. Germany was forbidden to possess submarines, but German submarine crews have not given up their plans for facilities and what-not in Spain. And let it be noted that Herr Strauss is forty-four. Herr Adenauer is eighty-four, and it is not at all improbable that Herr Strauss will be the next Chancellor.

Requiem for Jim Crow

While the civil-rights debate drones on in the Senate, an event of incalculable moment has taken place in the South: the New Negro has stepped forth on the stage with confidence, courage and boldness. Brilliant social tactics are usually the invention of a rising social class, just as stupid, self-defeating tactics are the hallmark of a waning social milieu. The brilliance of the "sit-in" demonstrations which have spread to some twenty-four Southern communities is obvious. The "sit-ins" bring the full force of Negro purchasing power to bear on important nation-wide chains. In today's South, Negroes constitute as much as half of the total purchasing power of particular communities. It is estimated, for example, that the Negro community spends more than $150,000,000 a year in Charlotte, N.C. In the North, Negro purchasing power may be relatively less significant in particular cities but, in the aggregate, it is greater than it is in the South. The sit-ins dramatize the absurdity of Jim Crow. What it comes down to is that the stores tolerate "vertical" integration — that is, so long as the Negro is standing — but reject his patronage when he sits down. The Negro students conducting the demonstrations are themselves almost immune to economic counter-reprisals, since most of them are (a) away from their homes and (b) enrolled in Negro institutions more dependent on Northern than on Southern philanthropy.

That a large, influential section of Southern "white" opinion is aware that the sit-ins herald a new day in race relations is indicated by the behavior of the Southern press, which for the most part has given "straight" coverage to the demonstrations. The press is well aware — after all, it is dependent on advertising — that Jim Crow has been undermined by the South's prosperity. Negroes and whites will fight over a few scraps of bacon rind, hominy grits and greens, and the plantation owner will fight to keep his sharecroppers and servants in their place, but a merchant will not long drive cash customers from his door. Nor is the cash register's logic the only logic that is working to undermine Jim Crow today. The lunch-counter demonstrations are not "student strikes" for this or that concession; they are eloquent assertions of the New Negro's sense of his own dignity as a human being. He is demanding more than "service"; he demands respect. It is the demand which every American minority has learned to make in time and, in the end, it is irresistible because it is the basic, the historic American demand.

As it swells to a chorus in the South, Jim Crow is doomed. The sit-ins in the five-and-ten-cent stores, not the sit-down in the Senate, is the pivot of today's debate.

The Man Back Home

The striking thing about the current civil-rights filibuster is the absence of venom. Some may be let loose as fatigue sets in, but fatigue is not principle, conviction, passion or anything that supposedly animates a statesman talking unto the death. The visitor from Mars might wonder why they are filibustering at all. The visitor from the Southland doesn't wonder; he knows. The gentlemen are talking for the record.

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They want to be able to prove that they did all that man of woman born could have done to stem the rising tide of integration. It will be a vital necessity when election time rolls around once more. Not the most distinguished Southern Senator — and some of them are able, intelligent and, in their private thoughts, even enlightened — can afford to be right on this issue. Every one of them is thinking of his potential opponent back home who can cut him down this year or two years hence on the race issue, the ruling obsession of the typical unenlightened Southern voter. This is the sad, limited truth that every Southern solon knows: he can't afford to think of the long future. So, looking over his shoulder at the man back home, he filibusters.

Myths About Gambling

No dogma in the current American credo is more firmly established — or causes more mischief — than the proposition that "You can't stop gambling." Hand in hand with this antique fallacy goes the proposition that gambling — even when controlled by nation-wide syndicates — is essentially a harmless foible. Both propositions have been rudely jolted by two hardheaded judges. Last week in New York, the new Chief Justice of the Court of Special Sessions, John M. Murtagh, announced that henceforth jail sentences would be imposed in bookmaking and similar cases. At the same time, Judge Murtagh began to question gambling defendants in open court about how they happened to be represented by counsel they had never seen before and furnished bail by bondsmen they had never met. Earlier, Chief Justice Adlow of Boston's Municipal Court challenged the gambling myths by pointing out in *The Nation* ("Gambling, the Legal Vice," February 27, 1960), that jail sentences in gambling cases are so rare in most large cities as to be virtually unknown. Committed to the "You can't stop gambling" dogma, juries are inclined to acquit; and, where judges impose jail sentences, the principal effect is merely to induce gambling defendants to enter pleas of "not guilty" and demand jury trials.

Nevertheless, Judges Adlow and Murtagh are correct in their insistence that jail sentences may help to make the public aware that gambling controlled by well-organized mobs is something quite different from the "little game" that used to go on from one generation to the next in the backroom of the pool hall or the barber shop of quaint turn-of-the-century America. Nowadays gambling is not only a major source of municipal corruption; it provides the organization which enables the syndicates to operate even more lucrative rackets. Last year a Brooklyn Grand Jury reported: "If you scratch the professional operator of gambling ventures, you will find the narcotics peddler, the loan shark, the dice-game operator, the murderer. Brooklyn has been the scene of a number of unsolved gangland homicides over the past few years. Almost every one of those killings is involved with gambling ventures of one form or another." In one Kings County case, where seven leading narcotics dealers were convicted, six were found to be actively engaged in various forms of gambling.

By refusing to recognize the realities of today's organized gambling, the public is placing the stamp of its approval on large-scale municipal corruption, the traffic in narcotics, murder, suicide, the demoralization of city police, and other inseparable incidents of big-city, syndicate-controlled gambling.

We, the People

As each day's slip is torn from the calendar between now and May 2 — the day on which Caryl Chessman has been sentenced (for the ninth time) to die in the gas chamber at San Quentin — popular pressures continue to mount not only against his execution, but against capital punishment generally. And the pressures are building up most impressively, perhaps, in California. At Stanford University, a large student-faculty crowd and assorted members of the press, radio and television cheered Dr. James T. Watkins as he denounced capital punishment. "It is the deceptively unimportant area of a man's relations with his immediate neighbors — his associates, his family, the men and women about him," he said, "whose sum total can gradually mold us into the kind of men and women who are the rotten eggs out of which no good omelet was ever made though God Himself be at the stove. Capital punishment is but a symptom of the disease of man: indifference to the crimes against his dignity. . . . The real issue is whether even a man who acts like a rat should be treated like a rat or whether, because we, the rest of us, are men we are bound to treat him like a man."

Across San Francisco Bay, other students and other academicians cheered Dr. Austin H. McCormick, Berkeley's world-famous professor of criminology, as he lashed out at capital punishment as "an evil scar against the face of justice." At Berkeley, too, Dr. Richard T. Drinnon, the historian, took a look at the alleged "transcript" which was finally furnished Chessman for his appeal and found it to be "a highly dubious document." In Ottawa, Emund L. Morris wound up a dramatic parliamentary debate on capital punishment by reminding his colleagues: "When we vote against this measure [to abolish capital punishment] in this House, we ourselves will be deciding whether we shall be the hangman." But in Ottawa as in Sacramento, it is not only the legislators who must decide this question; as long as capital punishment exists, it is we, the people, who will be the hangman.

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A BIG CITY RIPE FOR REFORM

CORRUPTION IN CHICAGO . . *by Leon M. Despres*

Chicago

THE RECENT confession of one slight twenty-three-year-old burglar that his numerous accomplices were Chicago policemen has greatly upset this city. The confession reached the ears of a Republican State's Attorney, and in January its publication, the arrests of the policemen and the ensuing scandals destroyed the glittering façade which five years of adroit public relations had laboriously built up for the Daley-headed Chicago Democratic machine.

Since 1955, Richard J. Daley has ruled Chicago as Mayor and as chairman of the county Democratic organization. In his public image, he has appeared to rise above party. Chicago's school administration is very good, the city's finances are handled by a distinguished comptroller, streets are cleaned and repaired, garbage is collected, the water and sewage systems do their job, and assorted public works flourish. To top it all, the City Hall publicity machine has been working so endlessly and so efficiently that Chicagoans tend to forget that little has been done to solve the city's basic problems: corruption, segregation, neighborhood decay and general metropolitan confusion.

In its successful advance, the Democratic machine here has corralled seven local governments—city, county, parks, sanitary district, forest preserves and the city and county courts—with annual budgets totaling over a billion dollars, patronage payrolls of thousands of employees and a golden treasury of privileges for the faithful. Its control is tight. In 1959, it re-elected Mayor Daley and secured control

Mayor Daley

of forty-seven aldermen out of fifty —an enviable 94 per cent majority.

Until the police-burglary confession, Daley's regime had the strong support of local newspapers, both editorially and in the cordial handling given the endless City Hall publicity releases. General public opinion was highly favorable. Today, the Mayor and his associates find themselves fighting for their political lives. Already some important 1960 county election contests seem lost to them; the state election is in jeopardy and even the city precincts are running scared.

MAYOR DALEY'S travail began last October, when Richard Morrison, in jail awaiting trial for burglary, told the Public Defender that he had reached an arrangement with certain policemen in the Summerdale district whereby they helped him with burglaries during their working hours, he keeping all stolen cash and they taking the stolen merchandise. Often he paid protection money, too. The Public Defender checked the facts, and then in January the Republican State's Attorney sent out arresting squads to pick up the policemen. The stolen goods were found in their homes. The developments shook Chicagoans far more deeply than the familiar "unsolved" murders of politicians, parolees and gangsters. When the watchman is a thief, who is safe?

The scandal continued to spread. The Police Department was found to be shot through with corruption: policemen paid politicians for appointments, promotions, assignments and transfers; captains, politicians, "bag-men" and police officers were revealed as protecting gambling, prostitution, narcotics, liquor violations, burglaries and stolen-goods sales; the Central Police Headquarters burglary detail was directing a network of fur burglars; at least three outlying police districts included organized burglars in blue; personal safety and youth programs were neglected; illegal detentions were condoned. The department, it became clear, was being run for the purpose of protecting, regulating and exploiting profitable crime; and the Democratic machine was running the department.

About a week after the initial revelations, City Hall removed the loyal old Police Commissioner and appointed an equally loyal new Acting Commissioner, whose first act was to demote the Chief of Detectives, a man of independence who had helped the State's Attorney uncover the scandal. By this demotion, the administration served clear notice to everyone that, as to further disclosures, the "lid was on." Since then, the Police Department has worked conscientiously to keep from making public any more scandals than absolutely necessary.

Mayor Daley then picked a committee of four Chicagoans and Orlando W. Wilson, California Professor of Police Administration, to find a new Police Commissioner. On recommendation of the committee, the Mayor appointed Mr. Wilson. Is it the Mayor's hope that the prestige of a citizens' committee, plus the appointment of a distinguished police chief, will make halfway measures seem publicly acceptable until the machine can resume its normal

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control of the police department? So far the Mayor has promised to do almost everything about the department except try to take it permanently out of partisan politics—yet nothing less will accomplish the reforms that are needed.

Serious police scandals are not new to this city. Most Chicago mayors have produced them and dismally survived them. The department is the prize handed to the victorious political party in a city election. It dispenses the favors which bring in campaign contributions; collects the revenue which nourishes the machine; sets the limits for illegal election conduct, and guarantees fortunes for favored individuals. The department has done this for both Democrats and Republicans. Its manner of performance is dictated, more or less, by the structure of the municipal government.

CHICAGO'S legal system gives the Mayor power of instantaneous removal of the Police Commissioner, thus putting the commissioner in permanent bondage to City Hall. Under this system, as Bruce Smith said in a 1931 report on the Chicago Police Department, the commissioner ". . . may show independence, and in some instances has done so. In that event the hour of demotion is at hand."

The political pressures on Chicago's City Hall are so great that no mayor has ever been able to keep his public promises to clear up the department. What is needed is the adoption of a system that has worked well in Milwaukee, i.e., creation by state law of a board to appoint the commissioner and remove him only for cause, a free hand for the commissioner in running the department, fair appeals arrangements for police officers, and a decent personnel system for recruitment, training and promotion.

The appointment of a new commissioner is only a first step toward a new Police Department. For the present, Mayor Daley has put forward an interim city ordinance which his huge City Council majority can pass or repeal on equally short notice. But only state legislation can give the commissioner the independence he needs. Yet the prospects for state action are poor unless the Mayor and the Governor can agree on what specific legislation is needed. The Governor has already indicated his willingness to call a special session of the legislature for action; the Mayor, however, has said he will support a new law only in 1961.

Thus, protected only by a mayoralty promise of support and by the revocable ordinance of a machine-dominated City Council, Police Commissioner Wilson will find himself fearfully handicapped in putting through the drastic departmental reforms needed.

THE COST of a political machine to Chicago is more than just a bad Police Department. The machine always tries to avoid all steps, however necessary, which may disturb voter complacency, arouse resentment, threaten solid precinct control or affect the privileges which it purveys. The city is falling behind in the war on neighborhood decay; an inefficient Building Department is failing to provide decent enforcement of a housing code so modest that it does not even meet the minimum standards set by the American Public Health Association. Without any internal checks, and with incredible confusion and a good deal of "payola," the department limps along to the great benefit of Chicago's multi-million-dollar slum industry. Code enforcement is inadequate even in neighborhoods which actively demand enforcement. Overcrowding continues to depreciate houses, schools and community life while complaints about it are interred in a special repository.

The city's urban-renewal potential has also suffered severely at the hands of the administration. The program can boast tremendous publicity, but its achievements are infinitesimal. In twenty-five years, fewer than two and a half of Chicago's 210 square miles have been planned for urban-renewal clearance, including public housing. Less than one and one-half square miles have been actually cleared. A long-publicized renewal plan for the city's central area is only in gestation.

Residential segregation is Chicago's number one problem, yet the machine scarcely even talks about it, much less tries to solve it. The city's 800,000 Negro residents live in a concentrated and almost continuous T-shaped segregated area with a population density five times the average for the rest of the municipality. As new residents arrive, the area continues to spread. The result is terrible damage to the city, both inside the area and out. Inside, there is severe overcrowding (except for a small proportion of single-family areas), physical and emotional ills, rapid building deterioration, and segregation in fact (even though not in law) for schools and public facilities. Outside, existence of the ghetto causes fear and decay in surrounding neighborhoods.

Segregation has become the prime enemy of urban renewal, because many Negroes fear that demolitions will deprive them of needed housing, while many whites fear that redevelopment means the breakdown of segregation and their engulfment by the Negroes. The Daley administration has helped Chicago become the "most residentially segregated city in America" (U.S. Commission on Civil Rights); it has never given any leadership to the forces favoring housing integration or open occupancy, which alone can save the city's neighborhoods and its integrity. One lily-white public housing development of the Chicago Housing Authority still stands as an eloquent example of segregation to the rest of the city.

Chicago's housing, urban renewal and metropolitan problems require the best planning available. The city administration has failed to provide it. In 1957, Daley asked for and obtained abolition of the staff of the fifty-year-old Chicago Plan Commission and the creation, in its stead, of a Department of Planning. The department is permitted to plod along on an announced project to unveil a "comprehensive plan" at the end of 1962—just in time for the next mayoralty election. Such grandiose blueprints, however beautiful, are always out of date even before they are revealed. What Chicago needs is day-to-day planning of goals and the measuring of plans against them.

The political machine damages the nation as well as the city. It fails to

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work effectively for a liberal, constructive, national program. At the Democratic convention, it controls a fistful of delegates who, under machine orders, are usually ready to risk a national Democratic victory by supporting a "cautious" nominee and a conservative program. Local needs come first. The controlled local delegations will not work to free either the party or the program from the oil barons or Dixiecrats. In Congress, the Chicago delegation in the House gives routine support to the Democratic program, but does not give the leadership which the nation has a right to expect from a great city. In the Senate, the machine supports Paul Douglas, whom it nominated along with Adlai Stevenson, Congressman Sidney Yates and other distinguished office holders, in the year of despair of 1948. Neither Stevenson nor Douglas would have gotten a tumble after 1948.

IN THE state government, the Chicago machine has assured tenure to an undistinguished and conservative Republican regime by either offering defeat-marked Democratic candidates for governor or by undermining the Democratic state ticket with fatal scandals. Last year, when the city had an opportunity to support a strong Democratic nominee for Speaker of the Illinois House, Daley yielded to the other ward committeemen, provocatively sponsored an unacceptable river ward candidate, and thus insured a Republican victory. The result was a mediocre session of the legislature. This year the great hope of the men on the state Democratic ticket is to uncover enough scandals among the state Republicans to offset the scandals of the Chicago Democratic machine.

The machine has systematically buried or driven out of the city and county organizations most of the significant, fresh, new, liberal elements. It has denied a place to Stephen Mitchell, Adlai Stevenson's former National Democratic Chairman. It has now also rejected Joseph Lohman, able liberal University of Chicago sociology professor, who was Daley's blue-ribbon Sheriff in 1954 and State Treasurer in 1958, but who was refused support for Governor in 1960. In the current primary both Mitchell and Lohman are running for governor against the machine designee. Both candidates have used the Chicago police scandals with effect and both of them hope for a huge primary vote to overcome the machine's stranglehold over the city.

WHY DID the Chicago police scandals erupt now? The timing was due, I think, to the reaction of the victors after Mayor Daley's re-election in April, 1959. At that time Daley had an opportunity for greatness which he rejected. The victors misinterpreted their victory as a complete endorsement of the *status quo*, and relaxed.

The result was that last year, one scandal after another began breaking out. Any one of them could have been fatal to the machine had not Daley built up a remarkable reserve of press and business support in his own behalf.

First came the bail-bond scandal, exposing a network of bailiffs, clerks and bondsmen, helped by orders of the Municipal Court Chief Justice, who had voided hundreds of thousands of dollars in bondsmen's liabilities on forfeited bail bonds. The Chief Justice admitted he had gone on hunting trips with the chief bondsman, but said he had repaid all expenses. The Chief Justice was indicted, freed by a judge, and indicted again—and again freed, this time by another judge.

Then came the traffic-ticket scandal. It showed that a group of Municipal Court employees, policemen and ward politicians had profited by millions of dollars in traffic-ticket fixes and fine payments which had never reached the city treasury. Two more judges were indicted, and also some traffic referees, court employees and ward politicians. As a result, the party has dropped the Chief Justice for re-election this year and is seeking to save its Municipal Court ticket by nominating in his place an outstanding candidate, Augustine Bowe, distinguished lawyer, chairman of the city's Commission on Human Relations, and ex-president of the Chicago Bar Association. (Echo of the nominations of Stevenson and Douglas in 1948!) But along with Bowe, the machine has presented a "safe" river ward committeeman and a "safe" politician as candidates for court bailiff and clerk, offices which control fat budg-

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ets and more than 1,083 patronage employees.

Then came the payroll scandal. For weeks, the press ran daily stories about hoodlums, non-workers, convicts and other unsavory characters on city payrolls, men who found their way to non-working jobs only through the careful efforts of a political machine of which they were a part. This time there were some dismissals, but no indictments.

Chicago's municipal personnel policy, which produced the payroll scandals, is atrocious. The city administration has ignored recommendations that it support legislation for a new civil service board and a department of personnel to handle recruitment, examination, promotion, training and personnel relations. While powerful craft unions deal effectively for the city employees, whom they represent whether on or off civil service, the bulk of the general city civil service employees are shabbily treated and underpaid; the best treatment goes to an increasing percentage of "temporary" patronage appointees.

So the 1959 scandals accumulated, each eroding the machine a little more and together creating an atmosphere ripe for a major scandal. Then came ahe police-burglary explosion. Most Chicago scandals last only three weeks. This one is likely to be kept alive at least until the November elections. Although the sharpness of the first reaction is already blunted, indignation keeps expressing itself over and over. The halo around the city administration has gone and the old predatory aspects of the machine have been publicly revealed. The machine is gambling now that it can be saved by delay, by superficial concessions, perhaps—if it is lucky—by some diversion of public attention.

In many ways, the situation here is reminiscent of conditions in New York City. The resemblance can be found not only in the prevalence of corruption and a lack of progressive leadership, but also in the way both municipalities are failing in their national roles. Chicago and New York, with their tremendous potential resources, could contribute boldness, energy, imagination and liberal leadership to the national Democratic Party. With painfully few exceptions, neither has done so in the past; nor does either show any signs of doing so when convention time rolls around in the summer.

The course of the nation is closely connected to what happens in the wards of Chicago and New York. Is it naive to hope that the current scandals in Chicago may at last smash the machine which has for so long held the nation's second largest city in thralldom? Surely the scandals have given this city the chance of a lifetime to take politics out of the police department and corruption out of politics, and to give it a government worthy of the city's cultural and industrial greatness.

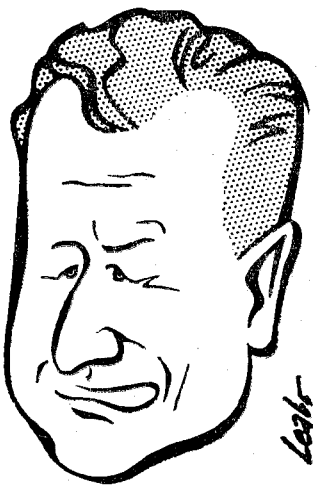
Don't Count Rockefeller Out . . *by James Desmond*

Albany, N. Y.

IMPRESSIVE indications are accumulating here that Governor Rockefeller is still available for the Republican nomination for President and that, given any kind of a break, he will give his supporters around the country the go-ahead to see how many delegates they can corral before the GOP convention in July. The break needed could be a bad slip in the polls by Vice President Nixon vis-à-vis the leading Democratic candidates, or a serious blunder by the national Administration that would put Nixon on the spot before the country.

The people around Rockefeller don't expect a fumble by the Administration, believing that the President's well-known aversion to making decisions is likely to keep the government on an even level unless unforeseen developments in world affairs intrude on the scene.

The polls are a different matter. Nixon hit his popularity peak in the closing weeks of last year when the Republican leaders, jumping to the Vice President's bandwagon, convinced Rockefeller that the cards would be stacked against him in the primaries, regardless of his rank-and-file appeal. That was the basic reason for the Dec. 26 statement taking the New York Governor out of the contest. Another reason, according to Rockefeller's friends, was to show the GOP bosses that he is not out to rock the boat.



Governor Rockefeller

But by limiting his withdrawal to the primaries that might interfere with the performance of his duties as Governor during the legislative session, Rockefeller reserved to himself wide opportunities for reactivating his campaign without going back on his word. The most important of his gubernatorial chores will be over when the bill-signing period ends in April; from then on, he will be free to campaign where he pleases, falling back on precedents set by Al Smith, Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Thomas E. Dewey.

First, one must consider Rockefeller's present political "posture." He has been scrupulously correct in staying out of national party politics

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since his withdrawal statement, and has continued to reserve his position. For one thing, he has carefully avoided endorsing Nixon, mentioning the Vice President publicly only once this year and then merely to congratulate him for endorsing the Rockefeller call for new blood in the Republican Party. For another thing, Republican county chairmen in New York have been advised privately to avoid committing themselves to Nixon until Governor Rockefeller's position has been further clarified.

And, more recently, Rockefeller declared himself ready to resume speaking out on national and world affairs.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Hope Springs Eternal

NOW FOR the polls. Most pollsters dropped Rockefeller's name from their ballots after his withdrawal statement, pitting Nixon against the field of Democrats on a man-to-man basis. At the outset that worked in Nixon's favor.

But as the pre-convention campaigns have progressed, Nixon has been sliding off here and there. And, significantly, a recent, unpublished New York State poll, known to be available to Rockefeller, shows that Democratic Senator John F. Kennedy would win New York handily against the Vice President.

There is no way, of course, to put any poll to the test without an election. But the very real fear among Republican leaders that they may lose control of the State Senate, which they are presumed to own by right of gerrymander, tends to support the theory that the Democrats will pull strongly in New York State next November.

This fear is based on the fact that while the Republicans elected thirty-four state senators in 1958 — a loss of four from 1956 — the twenty-four Democratic senators got over 50 per cent of the votes cast in the senatorial contests. And no one can say, precisely, just how many GOP senators were saved by Rockefeller's coattails in his 570,000 plurality sweep to the Executive Mansion in Albany.

The anti-Nixon sentiment in New York, if backed up by subsequent polls still in progress, could have a profound effect on the Republican Presidential nomination. After all, about 10 per cent of the country's voters live in New York and except for 1948 — when Dewey beat Harry S. Truman narrowly — they almost invariably vote for the winner in Presidential elections. (And Dewey, it should be recalled, was a minority winner, owing his victory to the fact that Henry A. Wallace siphoned off 500,000 Democratic votes in his doomed Progressive Party campaign.)

So, if the belief should grow that Nixon can't carry New York — a state vital to Republican Presidential hopes, although not to the Democrats' — the very minimum reaction would be a realistic re-examination of the Vice President's strength as a candidate. And the maximum effect could be a revival of the old "Nixon-can't-win" slogan so widely heard only a year ago.

That could be the crusher. Until Republican hopes began to soar with President Eisenhower's increased stature late last summer, when he began making his moves toward the Summit, it was common to hear Republicans admit that Nixon was anathema to the Democrats and a dirty word to millions of independents who resented his campaign tactics. But through the fall, the obvious difficulties of the Democrats boosted GOP hopes and tended to obscure Nixon's liabilities.

Now with the convention and campaign drawing closer, prospective candidates at the gubernatorial and senatorial levels are beginning to wonder whether Nixon would be the perfect head of the ticket. These doubts—expressed openly here at the organization meeting of the National Conference of State Legislative Leaders in December—will increase if Nixon should fail to make a strong showing vis-à-vis the total votes cast for the Democratic candidates in the primaries where he is running unopposed.

EVEN these doubts, however, couldn't change the nomination prospects of the Vice President if the Republican Party were the monolithic instrument it seems to be, with the bosses who oppose Rockefeller firmly in command. But the fact is that the Republicans are far from unified. They are led, for one thing, by the same men, by and large, who took them down to defeat in the 1958 Congressional elections. And there are new elements within the party seeking to broaden its base and change its direction.

In a number of states—specifically Wisconsin, Indiana, Missouri, Washington and, yes, even California—the divisions are so deep that only all-out warfare can settle them. And how better to wage a fight against installed leadership than with a Rockefeller as standard-bearer against the bosses' Nixon?

Significantly, in all of these states there is a hard core of Rockefeller supporters, anxious to take any opening to swing into action for the New York Governor. And they are by no means amateurs or do-gooders. They include, for example, the followers of the very practical Senator Homer Capehart, who is fighting for his political life in Indiana. And they include the Johnson's Wax people and their Wisconsin allies.

Additionally, across the country there are the far-flung interests of the Rockefellers, whose mostly Republican executives could be expected to exert pressure on their local political leaders if one of the Rockefeller boys should become an open candidate again. There is, of course, nothing improper in this. Nelson Rockefeller is an easy man to like on acquaintance, and presumably Rockefeller executives, substantial men in their communities, would just be doing what comes naturally.

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What all this adds up to is that Rockefeller, given the breaks, could go to the convention as head of New York's ninety-six-vote delegation, with a substantial bloc in his corner. At best, from his point of view, this could give the men now so determined to nominate Nixon a reason to re-examine their position. At worst, it would strengthen Rockefeller's power to shape the Republican Party closer to what he thinks it should be, at the same time putting it on notice that he would have to be considered the next time a candidate was sought.

As for timing, the logic of events indicates that the time is now ripe for Rockefeller. He will be fifty-two when the Republican convention meets on July 25—and he will still be the one Republican who was the stand-out winner in the country in the face of the Democratic landslide of 1958. Still fresh in the public mind is the boldness with which he put through the tax-increase program to put New York State on pay-as-you-go financing—a slogan hallowed in oratory, if not in practice, by the GOP.

He could hardly hope to preserve this public image for another four years, much less for another eight. And, of course, if he had to wait eight years, he would be sixty at the 1968 convention, very close to the cut-off age for first-time nominees.

Furthermore, there is Rockefeller's character to be considered. He is a very wealthy man, used to getting what he wants. In 1958, he ignored the advice of nearly everyone around him—including most of the professional politicians except those who had hitched their wagons to his star—and boldly sought and won the governorship. It would be unrealistic now to expect him to sit back and take it just because a handful of politicians, who lost their elections while he was winning his, prefer to hand-pick one of their own for the Presidency.

The best prospect is, therefore, that Rockefeller's name will be presented to the convention. At least up to now, he has refused to say he wouldn't allow it. And he still hasn't endorsed Nixon for anything.

THE SAME OLD GERMANS . . *by Jesse D. Wolff*

I AM NEITHER a foreign correspondent nor a State Department career man, but simply a practicing American lawyer who makes occasional short business trips to West Germany. Yet perhaps an amateur observer like myself has certain advantages over the professional who is stationed in Germany; the changes that come over a country stand out more sharply to the occasional visitor.

On my most recent visit—it was a few months ago—to the Federal Republic, I thought I noticed a change in atmosphere from what it had been only a year ago. I asked a friend — a thoughtful Canadian businessman brought up in Germany and now, by inheritance, the owner of an old and successful German manufacturing business — whether he had remarked the shift; and, too, I wanted his views on the German people's reaction to Western, and particularly American, aid since 1945.

"The Germans have an incurable national psychosis, a real paranoia," he replied. "But for fifty years you Americans have viewed them merely as precocious and sometimes irascible scamps who, nevertheless, have a genius for getting a job done. You have been deluding yourselves that with material encouragement and good example from you they will see the errors of their ways and quickly follow in your footsteps.

"The truth is that you recognize neither their symptoms nor their disease. You just won't learn that you can't treat an incurable paranoia with loans, gifts and a friendly pat on the back."

Webster's *New International Dictionary* defines paranoia as "a chronic mental disorder characterized by systematized delusions of persecution and of one's own greatness, sometimes with hallucinations."

Does Chancellor Adenauer (certainly a man of good faith) recognize the incurable disease?

Commenting on the rash of recent German anti-Semitic incidents, he stated, "I say to all my fellow German citizens, if you catch a ruffian anywhere, execute the punishment on the spot and give him a sound thrashing." Whip the little paranoiacs soundly and put them to bed, says Mr. Adenauer, and tomorrow morning they will wake up sadder but wiser young men.

Has the United States system of financial aid to Bonn proven successful? From a purely material and fiscal point of view, certainly. A trip by car down the *Autobahn* from the North Sea through Frankfurt, Stuttgart and Munich, in the year 1960, is a revelation. Practically no bomb damage remains. And there is eye-opening evidence of great material prosperity. Germany is as sleek and fat as a prize pig in the late fall. The great steel-producing areas of the Ruhr and Rhine valleys are a mass of smoking chimneys and huge new plants. Between Frankfurt and Stuttgart and down through the provinces of Wurttemberg and Westphalia, what was rich, small-farm land only fifteen years ago, is now almost a continuous line of spanking new factories, usually with modern glass-fronted offices and beautifully landscaped premises. Unemployment is non-existent. A German automobile producer with a surplus of capital and a deficit of skilled labor is buying a small motor concern (for about 8,000,000 marks, or $2,000,000); the factories will be sold or junked, the buyer's only interest being in the acquisition of additional trained workers.

The most serious problem of the

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industrialists is to insure that competitors don't pirate away their labor force. The owner of a substantial textile company in Wurttemberg built a plant addition, partly to create better working facilities with which to attract additional labor. He also imported workers from Italy and Spain, supplying them with company-financed living quarters. Many German concerns are following this practice.

Real estate is booming beyond the wildest fantasies of real-estate operators. The owner of former farm lands in the outskirts of a small village near Stuttgart recently was offered $12,000 an acre for undeveloped land without road or utilities—land which had cost him $100 an acre twenty years ago. There just isn't much undeveloped land left in Germany and businesses are so flushed with profits that many bid sky-high for land to be used for factories, parking lots or housing developments for occupancy by factory workers at nominal rents.

* * *

BUT HAS American financial aid to West Germany been successful from the *American* point of view? If our aid was designed not merely to fill German stomachs, but to teach the Germans that a free economy works better than a controlled economy, and to build a strong ally to help us against potential enemies to the East, then we have taken a great, big pratfall.

An executive of one of the most successful playing-card manufacturers volunteered some comment over a fourth brandy in plush Rumpelmayer's Restaurant in Munich. The burden of his views:

"You silly Americans think you own us because you gave us money and aid after you bombed out our homes and factories. While you were fighting us, you said you'd level our cities and return us to an agrarian state. After you had pretty well accomplished this, you saw Russia beginning to make serious noises about controlling all of Eastern Europe and maybe more. So you turned around and poured money in to build up our industry, particularly heavy industry.

"If you think we now owe you a debt of gratitude and you can call on us to repay this debt sometime when you decide that the chips are down, you must take us for fools. Your financial aid speeded our recovery, but it didn't really create the prosperity that you see in this country. We did it, we Germans, with our own intelligence, our own initiative, our own hard work. You are dead wrong if you think we will pull your chestnuts out of any fire that the Russians may start. We are businessmen pure and simple. We will trade with the bogeyman if it is profitable, and will make a business deal with the devil if his currency is sound and he knows what he is doing and where he is going. Business is one thing and ideologies another."

* * *

WHAT IS West Germany's reaction to the recent rumblings of neo-Nazism — the swastikas on synagogues and churches, the pamphlets distributed on street corners? A respected and extremely intelligent seventy-five-year-old lawyer who fought the Nazis on principle and not because of his religion, and who spent three years in a concentration camp during the war, gives an answer typical of the older generation. In his opinion, these outbursts have absolutely no significance; they are the work of young hoodlums and delinquents with no controlled mass movement behind them.

But I have the feeling that this is the view of men too old to carry the burden of Germany's conscience, too willing to hope for the best, too eager to allay their own doubts.

The daughter of this same respected, elderly lawyer, a widow in her middle forties now teaching in a private school, was less sanguine than her father. She feels that the power and future of Germany now lie in two quite clearly defined generations: the middle-aged who knew Hitlerism and what it stood for, and the younger generation who were children and teen-agers between 1933 and 1945. Quite naturally, her interest as a teacher lies with the younger generation. She deplores the fact that history textbooks are almost silent on developments in Germany during the Nazi period. Last year she tried in a small way to remedy this by including in her history course some lectures and seminars on the objectives and accomplishments of the Third Reich, both good and bad. The result was a personal catastrophe for her. Vehement complaints came from parents and fellow teachers. Parents resented being put in the embarrassing position of having to answer Junior's questions as to whether or not Papa had been a Nazi Party member, or had used slave labor in his factory, or had ever objected to what had gone on in Dachau or Belsen.

Did the teacher believe that today's young adults would repeat the follies of their parents? She shrugged and answered with another question: "What can you expect of young people who honestly don't know what really went on, whose adult lives were not touched by the war, and who now live in a completely materialistic world which gives them hundreds of creature comforts and teaches them that only their God-given superiority put them where they are today?" She has certain reservations about their reaction to the present subsurface rumblings; and she has even more serious doubts about how they would behave if a formal political party arose that would really seek to follow the Nazi line.

She stated that she is inclined to believe that any party or person promising a continuation of the economic *status quo* and the restoration of Germany to its "rightful place" as the leader in Europe, would get a favorable reception from the younger generation. She is afraid that the youngsters would never oppose any government, neo-Nazi or neo-Fascist, which their elders might adopt. As she put it, "To oppose a return of a strong nationalistic government, emphasizing discipline and power, would require a strong-minded rebel. We are not breeding political rebels of any sort."

* * *

WHAT of the older generation, the people who control Germany today? Are they upset about recent developments and frightened of a repeat performance? I am afraid that paranoiacs are not cured that easily; and it is no help, in this regard, that we seem perfectly happy to have the Krupps, the Flicks and other con-

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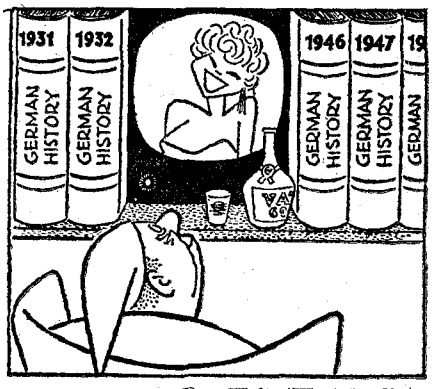
victed war criminals back in the German economic saddle.

Our forebearance with Krupp, who insists that he cannot find buyers for his steel empire and thus must keep it intact despite our previous directive that it be broken up, is not lost on the Germans. They are aware that we acquiesce in the control of German heavy industry by a group of three or four large banks and some ten or fifteen industrialists—almost all former Nazis or Nazi supporters. Today the "master" thesis prevails in the German economy to an even greater extent than before the war—this time with our blessing. (One important German banker told me, firmly, that the plan for the sale of the government-owned Volkswagen Company to small investors was doomed; no matter what appeared on the surface, he said, the banks would see to it that control was kept in the hands of a few banks and industrial combines, "where it should be.")

Will the economic dictatorship we have encouraged lead inevitably to political dictatorship? This gets back to the question: is the adult generation which now controls Germany upset about the possibilities of a return to Nazism or neo-Nazism?

A German art dealer told me of a recent luncheon of his colleagues in Munich. The discussion got around to the subject of swastikas again appearing on public buildings at Christmas time. One prosperous and well-known dealer stated openly that it was about time the German people showed that they were "independent of Western control," and that the United States could not use them as pawns against the Russians or anyone else. He went on to say that although he had been quiet for fifteen years on the subject of the Nazi government, he was now not afraid to say quite openly that he had been a party member by choice and not by force or even inertia, that he hoped for a return of that government or a similar one, and that Hitler's only real mistake had been in timing.



Der Welt (West Berlin)

The Empty Space

March 12, 1960

Granted, this is only one man's opinion; but it is the opinion of a leader in a field made up of educated people. And I feel that he would never have spoken so openly had he not felt confident that his position was popular with, or at least acceptable to, his German clientele upon whom his prosperity depends.

* * *

IS THE Adenauer government willing, and politically able, to take a strong position on Nazi-like outbreaks? I do not refer to public statements about naughty children who paint swastikas on public buildings. A high Bonn official recently was approached with the request that the government intervene in litigation involving the property of a German Jew killed by the Nazis. This government official was duly sympathetic, but significantly he expressed the belief that the personal reactions of governmental officials had to be tempered with practicality. Government intervention in favor of the heirs of the German Jew, he said, probably would prove futile and might well boomerang against the complainants. Too firm a position in a matter such as this, he added, would tie the government in the public mind to a cause which has become "unpopular" with the 1960 electorate. He felt that the espousal of too many such embarrassing causes might lead to the replacement of the present regime by another which might be less "sympathetic" and less "trustworthy."

* * *

THERE ARE, of course, some Germans who are able to view their country dispassionately. I spoke with one lady, about forty years of age, born to a title and immense wealth, who had the benefit of an international education. She has a genuine sense of guilt arising out of close contact with free peoples of other countries, both East and West. Today she is worried for herself, her husband and her three young children, whose ignorance of twentieth-century German history appalls her. But she admits that she is no crusader, nor does she want to risk the social ostracism of her children by encouraging them to question the myths of German infallibility and superiority. She seriously doubts the wisdom of the Western Allies in rearming Germany, and is absolutely convinced that the West Germans, with Western (or at least American) approval, will be making their own nuclear weapons within the next few years. She is satisfied that when this happens, and possibly even before it happens, the present Adenauer government will fall, and a deal will be made by West Germany and the USSR whereby Germany will be unified in exchange for a commitment of neutrality in any East-West showdown. This initial neutrality, she is certain, will lead ultimately to German cooperation with the stronger power — and she has no doubt which power Germany feels is the stronger.

Sanomat, Helsinki

"My art is still misunderstood!"

As for herself, she does not propose to remain with her family while all this happens. If events in Germany proceed as she expects them to (and if German law permits the removal of money and property outside of Germany without penalty), she intends to move herself and her family to England within the next two years. She feels that the English, at least, recognize what is happening in the Germany that only fifteen years ago committed the grossest "crimes against humanity" for which we tried and punished their leaders, but which we now find it expedient to forget.

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THE TRAGIC ENTERTAINER . . *by David Cort*

THE SEARCH for the tragic hero goes on. The martyr is still brought into the Colosseum, composed, twitching, crawling or dragged in feet first; but his identity has changed.

This was seen when several lively murder trials were swept quite off the front pages by the hurt feelings of an entertainer who five nights a week is in the living rooms of between five and ten million families who have TV sets. The tragedy was that his audience had not been permitted to hear him tell a joke. His network's Standards and Practices Committee had cut it out of the taped program. The next night Jack Paar said his last words from the center of the arena and walked out on the show. Forever? Hardly; he returned this week, the joke apparently forgotten.

It will be agreed that this affair plunges tragedy to a new low of triviality, nearly as ignominious as that of Arthur Godfrey's firing of a mediocre singer for a want of humility.

But the newspapers gave it headlines day after day and tons of wordage. Every nuance was investigated; it seemed to be of critical importance that the reader get exactly right the shadings of the newspaper's opinions on Paar's soul, public and private manners, taste, home life; and of course most readers already felt toward Paar more friendly intimacy than they felt toward most of their relatives. This made it as important as if their little girl had been snubbed at Sunday School.

STILL, one can see why Jack Paar was immediately enraged. There is nothing more infuriating than to tell a joke in good faith, obviously trying to please, and then to find a lot of pompous jerks, suddenly swathed in the moral law, bearing down with their rules of good taste flapping. No joke can stand up. Even the very great jokes can get you into trouble. And you will never get out of trouble by explaining the joke.

Since this is so important, I will say that the tragic joke was one based on another I heard twenty-five years ago. A husband had told his wife that his club had given him a silver cup for the best account of the happiest moments in his life, and that these were the times he had spent in church with her. She later tells a member of the club that she simply cannot understand her husband's story, since he had been there only three times: once before they were married, another time when he had fallen asleep, and a third (which I have forgotten). Of course he had won the prize for giving his happiest hours as those in bed with her.

Paar's joke, as everyone in the United States now knows, took a similar misunderstanding, this time Wayside Chapel for the English initials W. C., meaning bathroom. Nearly any special disposition concerning chapel services would be funny if misunderstood as of a W.C. The formula is a classic.

Good taste is another of the subjects on which everybody has to be an expert. Not only the columnists, but the man-and-woman on the street, expertised: "questionable," "poor judgment," "indelicate," "inept," "improper," "blue," etc., etc. Paar thought the Hearst press was leading the pack, and this meant Dorothy Kilgallen, Lee Mortimer and the TV reviewer, Jack O'Brien, but not Walter Winchell. Certainly the Hearst papers suddenly sounded wonderfully pure. Their views on religious good taste are certainly of moment; however, they run a regular comic cartoon about a foolish little monk and, if one wants to play this game, many people regard that as in distinctly shady religious taste. A monk's vows are very serious. Furthermore, Hearst anti-communism seems to me as feeble as it is frantic, in that it relies almost exclusively on Roman Catholic doctrine, surely not the capital objection to communism among about 150,000,000 Americans. There are, at least for me, better reasons for hating communism.

Kilgallen had guessed wrong and gone West to cover a murder trial when the Paar tragedy broke in New York. She stormed back to announce that all the other reporters were idiots, only she being cute enough to see that "The whole routine was as elaborately choreographed as an Agnes De Mille ballet; Paar felt the need of a great surge of audience sympathy to distract from the criticism he'd been getting, and NBC realized the stunt would cause front-page headlines from coast to coast. . . ." This merely indicates the fury she was in at having missed the fun, at seeing anybody else get publicity, and at not being first with the answer. In the Colosseum, her scoop would be that the martyr gave the lions ptomaine.

MORALITY, somebody has said, is a subject that lends itself to exaggeration—and that is what makes tragedy. The easiest, safest and most comfortable thing any human being does is to disapprove of another. Seeing this fatal genius in mankind, Christ asked men please to concentrate on their own trespasses.

If we try a little de-exaggeration, Paar's joke looks all right, especially at midnight. Furthermore, some of the steam leaks out of the recent TV quiz scandals where the tragic hero was Charles Van Doren. For an obscure citizen to accept the answers from the examiner before the examination, in order to play an assigned role, is scarcely wicked at all and would be only laughable if there were no prizes. There is wickedness here of course, but it lies with the examiner, and with the sponsor who requires that the answers be given out and the mockery continued. The citizen has no power and no responsibility; he can only watch the nonsense with his jaw dropping. But the tragedy settled on Charles Van Doren because he was the one in all the living rooms whom the people liked and trusted.

In the case of both Jack Paar and Charles Van Doren, we see the abuse

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DAVID CORT'S latest book, Is There an American in the House?, *has just been published by Macmillan.*

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by the venal bureaucracy, the invisible ones, of the naive, boyish, innocent individual, each time on charges of an imperfect innocence. And this is in line with sacrificial practice in all cultures and all times.

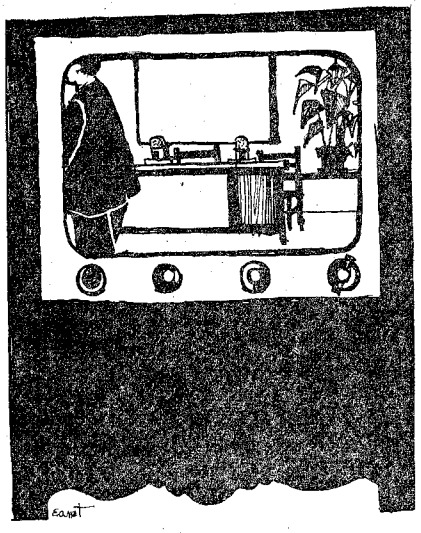
To look ahead to the new era of tragic heroes — the TV hero meets the first requirement of tragedy: he is conspicuous; and the second: he is committed to a role, his "public personality"; and the third: he has enemies (executives, writers, critics, the competition and anybody who doesn't tune him in); and the fourth: he is essentially alone, while conducting his great work like a lumberjack walking a log in a whirlpool.

THE SHAPE of the new tragedy comes clearer when we see further that he is a comedian, or semi-comedian. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis break up their act; Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca break up their act; Milton Berle and Jackie Gleason go off the air; Henry Morgan is in and out of hot water; and all their hearts, we are to believe, are breaking.

If you think a comedian is not fit for tragic heroism, just look at comedians. They are especially high-strung. From being continually the life of the party, they are naturally hated by their friends. They look for jealousy, and always find it. They were, in the majority, very poor boys, and many had drunken mothers: witness, by their own stories, W. C. Fields and Jackie Gleason. Their acting triumphs over life are manic, and hence not easy to systematize for regular profit. They are show-offs, but not pretty: witness no names here. The differences in talent are disastrously obvious; and they can never be reduced. They live in a perpetual madhouse, and they must seek out their enemies nightly, at Lindy's Restaurant in New York. They are in every real sense out of the world, and yet they must keep contact with the real world, which it is their chore to amuse.

To be a comedian at all, one must have a strong streak of the anti-social, derived from a miserable childhood (you should hate at least one parent), other neuroses, an early grasp of human absurdity, a lunatic mischief, or a cold, unsympathetic intellect. The comedian must early learn to mask these unpleasant qualities behind a disarming smile, deadpan or look of idiocy.

It is by no means irrelevant that the above also describes, with some understatement, the comic writer, who is the Iago to the entertainer's Othello. The comic idiom, by the mysterious nature of laughter, is at once extremely contemporary and based on very ancient formulas. A new comedy is merely a new accent for the old jokes. Only geniuses (and don't wait up for one) make new jokes. This means that comedians, and comic writers, can only



survive by thievery and must fight viciously for the false copyright that the little superimposed accent gives the stolen goods. The comic writer is both a thief and a "fence," or receiver of stolen goods. The TV writer, and not only the gag-writer, despises the performer, the true tragic hero, as was brought out on a recent Susskind forum of comic writers. Since the good serious writers are frustrated from doing their best by TV, they have evolved into perfect cynicism and mischief. It is a commonplace in this business to write material that will make the performer look ridiculous. And why not, when the executives, sponsors and performer are all too stupid to spot it? TV writers as a closed group would reward much closer attention than they have so far had.

As of comedians, a distinction must be made between the current crop, our tragic heroes, and the old guard, who rarely got into any trouble — Groucho Marx, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Danny Thomas, Jack Benny, George Burns and the late Bobby Clark; and we can surely forget Fatty Arbuckle, Frank Tinney, etc.

The difference appears in a sad, ghosted book about Keenan Wynn's life (*Ed Wynn's Son*, Doubleday, $3.95), for Keenan has been, though is not currently, a first-rate and delightful comedian. Keenan was certainly not a poor boy, but he had troubles none the less. Ed Wynn married a daughter of Frank Keenan, the grandee Shakespearean actor, and thus became a brother-in-law of Colonel Frank A. Sloan of a socialite New York family. It was a tough milieu for the roughhouse Jewish comedian, but he didn't back down. Keenan Wynn was a beautiful, fair-haired child who nearly died of mastoids. The ladies of the house did some secret drinking. And then there was the godlike figure of Frank Keenan, a benevolent nineteenth- or even eighteenth-century gentleman. Keenan Wynn psychoanalyzes himself as having been jealous of his father, but one might find other explanations.

THERE have been other accounts of these tragedians: Jackie Gleason, who got his comic start at the public school of which my father was principal; Groucho's marvelously non-tragic story; Joey Adams' serial story; and so on. One would like to see an objective, slightly hostile biography of Charlie Chaplin, whose early classic pictures were great ballet, but never to me very funny, except in the pure slapstick, which is of course close to ballet. As a small child, I smelled Chaplin's tightly introverted contempt.

This is the figure, however, whom we must accept as the public tragic hero of the future — a rich and neurotic mountebank Pagliacci who only affects to hide his broken heart. He may not look very promising for the purposes of great dramatic tragedy for Arthur Miller or Tennessee Williams; and yet I suggest that these gentlemen at least look him over as a possible subject. He is already the main tragic prototype for the whole American people.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Postscript to Power

FULL CIRCLE. The Memoirs of Sir Anthony Eden. Houghton Mifflin Co. 676 pp. $6.95.

George Steiner

THIS is a somber story. Having been, for too long a time, the crown prince in Churchill's giant shadow, Sir Anthony Eden finally acceded to power in April, 1955. Less than two years later, he had to resign, broken by political circumstance and ill health. History, moreover, played him a cruel turn. The virtues which had carried Eden to high place, his skill as a classical diplomatist, his uncompromising hatred of dictatorship, and his aloofness from partisan politics, proved inadequate or inappropriate to the task. The man failed to match his hour.

Eden's conception of policy was completely molded by the events of February, 1938. At that time, he resigned from the Chamberlain government rather than condone further appeasement of Hitler and Mussolini. Two years later the world plunged into a catastrophic war. It is Eden's profound conviction that this war could have been avoided on two conditions: the Western democracies would have had to take a decisive stand against Fascism and Nazism from the start; and they would have had to work together in close, flexible alliance. When the Second World War ended, Eden was resolved that the errors of the 1930s should not be repeated. As Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, in the period from November, 1951, to January, 1957, he sought to pursue two principles: the containment of dictatorship wherever it might arise, and the transformation of the Western alliance into a structure of real and permanent security.

Both these principles are unassailable, but the difficulty lay in applying them. First, because the Western democracies no longer held even a potential monopoly of military initiative (as they did in the 1930s); second, because the allies with whom Eden had to deal were no longer a Roosevelt or a Marshall, but an Eisenhower and a Dulles. It was Eden's peculiar tragedy to have learned the lessons of history too well; he did not realize how greatly the context of power had altered.

THESE memoirs center on two crises: Indo-China and Suez. The first showed Eden at his finest; the second brought him to political ruin. In April, 1954, the French position in Indo-China was growing hopeless. On April 24, the Western leaders met in Paris. Mr. Dulles advanced the view that Anglo-American military intervention was now essential and that an air-strike should be ventured to relieve the hard-pressed garrison at Dien Bien Phu. Admiral Radford supported this view and suggested that R.A.F. units should be sent from Malaya or Hong Kong to Tongking. "Neither he nor Mr. Dulles gave any more explicit account of the joint military action they contemplated." Eden at once raised the question of a Chinese counter-intervention. "Admiral Radford replied that he had never thought that the Chinese would intervene in Indo-China, nor had they the necessary resources available. If they attempted air action, we could eliminate this by bombing the Chinese airfields, which were very vulnerable." Eden immediately returned to London, convinced that the United States had neither formulated a consequent policy nor weighed the full risk. Sir Winston Churchill concurred. As he saw it, England was being asked "to assist in misleading Congress into approving a military operation, which would in itself be ineffective, and might well bring the world to the verge of a major war."

During those hair-raising days, Mr. Dulles played his usual complex game of impulse and vacillation. By-passing the British Ambassador in Washington, he sought to suggest to the French that the British Government was now committed to some form of military action. Fortunately, M. Bidault realized that this was not the case. On the contrary: on the afternoon of April the 28th, Her Majesty's Government decided to reject the American proposal. Eden now faced an immensely difficult task: he had to justify this refusal to the imperiled French, safeguard the Anglo-American alliance, and bring about some settlement of the Indo-China war by negotiation. In the ensuing weeks, he showed his great technical mastery of diplomacy. Although agonized by the news of the fall of Dien Bien Phu, Bidault understood perfectly British reluctance to intervene on Mr. Dulles' vague and unconsidered terms. The real difficulty lay with Washington. One cannot read Eden's account of the preliminary meeting at Geneva without an acute sense of embarrassment about the tone of American foreign policy under the Dulles regime:

> Mr. Robertson, whose approach to these questions is so emotional as to be impervious to argument or indeed to facts, was keeping up a sort of "theme song" to the effect that there were in Indo-China some three hundred thousand men who were anxious to fight against the Vietminh and were looking to us for support and encouragement. I said that if they were so anxious to fight I could not understand why they did not do so.

To this perfidious objection the impassioned Mr. Robertson seems to have had no answer. Fortunately, Mr. Bedell Smith arrived upon the scene. With his help, Eden succeeded in pulling Mr. Dulles back from the brink. One more crisis occurred on June 18: "Mr. Robertson . . . at the last moment launched a violent and wholly unexpected attack on the Chinese proposals which the French were working on." But now Mendès-France was in the wings, able and willing to conclude an armistice. "He was," as Sir Anthony notes with Churchillian aptness, "the man for the short lap." Although Dulles had been largely responsible for calling the Geneva Conference, he refused to associate the United States with its outcome. Eden's achievement was nevertheless a major one: "we had stopped an eight-year war and reduced international tension at a point of instant danger to world peace." July 21, 1954, was Eden's finest hour.

The Indo-China crisis should have alerted him to the underlying stress of the Anglo-American entente. Instead, Eden abided by his lofty conception of mutual trust. The American intervention in Guatemala in June, 1954, struck the British Government as inept and perhaps unjustifiable, but London felt that the first priority must be given to the solidarity of the Anglo-American alliance. "If allies are to act in concert

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only when their views are identical, alliances have no meaning." That noble doctrine was to become Eden's epitaph.

THE ROOTS of the Suez crisis can be traced back to April, 1956. During that month, Bulganin and Khrushchev came to London. In the course of discussions on the Middle East, Eden thought it best "to be absolutely blunt about the oil, because we would fight for it." In his opinion, the standard of British life depended closely on the free flow of Middle Eastern oil and on the concomitant free passage through the Suez Canal. Whoever would threaten this flow would be putting his thumb on England's windpipe. In short, a Nasser might succeed where Hitler had failed. Eden is often charged with failing to understand the differences between the two dictators. That is not entirely true. He saw plainly that Nasser was a more petty business. But in certain respects he was better located than Hitler. He could strike at the heart of the British economy while staying close to home. Knowing, moreover, how closely Hitler followed the mad plans set forth in *Mein Kampf*, Eden took more seriously than did other Middle East experts, Nasser's avowed intention of forming a single Arab bloc from Bagdad to Casablanca. When Nasser seized the Canal, on July 26, 1956, he seemed to be on the way to his wildest ambitions.

Why did England and France not act at once? In part, because Eden hoped to prod the United Nations into action. Freedom of navigation was, after all, an international concern and the United States had long left in abeyance its solemn pledge to secure such freedom for Israeli ships. But the more important reason was one of logistics: Cyprus had no sufficient harbor for landing craft and transports, and "We had nothing like enough airborne troops." Unable to use immediate force, Eden set out to marshal world opinion and, above all, American support. The latter was forthcoming but in a manner which Eden judged fatally inadequate:

> At the beginning of the crisis the Americans appeared to wish to isolate Egypt among the nations of the world, and to bring the moral pressure of combined opinion to bear upon Colonel Nasser. This was an acceptable intention, but it took no account of the probability that Nasser would show himself impervious to moral pressure. In practice it was to mean conferences and resolutions, but no action. The result was words.

This is the crux of the Eden case, and the results of the two London conferences of shipowning nations confirmed his gloomy prediction. Nasser derided the proposals brought to him by Mr. Menzies and regarded the very fact of international concern as an insult to Egyptian rights.

Once again, moreover, Mr. Dulles played a queer, shadowy game. At one moment, he was eloquent in support of international pressure on Egypt. In the next, he would refer to the whole conflict as a distasteful vestige of British and French colonialism. One thing would be said to the British Embassy in Washington, another over the direct wire to Downing Street, and a third to State Department cronies who would then leak it to the press. On September 12, 1956, he let the cat gaily out of the bag. He let it be known, in a nearly casual manner, that the United States would not use force and that he did "not recall just exactly what Sir Anthony Eden said on this point." This was to signal Nasser that he could with impunity reject the final proposals of the eighteen-nation conference. From that moment on, Eden and Pineau knew they would either have to surrender to Nasser or go it alone.

Up to that point, Eden's account is thoroughly defensible. It is thereafter that the memoirs become as unconvincing as was the actual Suez campaign. Eden could have argued thus: the American attitude and the Soviet veto made effective intervention by the United Nations impossible. There was clear proof that Nasser was trying to gather the Arab nations toward a renewed attack on Israel. If he were allowed to get away with his seizure of the Canal and given the time to equip his armies with Soviet tanks and planes, there would be no stopping him. This was Nasser's Rhineland. If the democracies fought back now, as they might have done in 1934 or 1936, a potential Hitler might be brought to bay. One can agree or disagree with this estimate. But it is perfectly justifiable. Instead, Eden sticks to his original contention. England and France, he asserts, wished only to separate the hostile armies of Israel and Egypt. The purpose of the entire Suez operation was to safeguard the Canal from "becoming a zone of warfare, and to arrest the spread of fighting in the Middle East."

This makes no sense. One does not arrest a war by joining it. One does not jeopardize one's most precious alliance in order to create a no-man's land between two foreign powers. And by sticking to this curious explanation of his motives, Sir Anthony does nothing to allay one of the gravest charges against him: that of collusion with Israel. Many

Ringing the Bells

And this is the way they ring
the bells in Bedlam
and this is the bell-lady
who comes each Tuesday morning
to give us a music lesson
and because the attendants make you go
and because we mind by instinct,
like bees caught in the wrong hive,
we are the circle of the crazy ladies
who sit in the lounge of the mental house
and smile at the smiling woman
who passes us each a bell,
who points at my hand
that holds my bell, E flat,
and this is the gray dress next to me
who grumbles as if it were special
to be old, to be old,
and this is the small hunched squirrel girl
on the other side of me
who picks at the hairs over her lip,
who picks at the hairs over her lip all day,
and this is how the bells really sound,
as untroubled and clean
as a workable kitchen,
and this is always my bell responding
to my hand that responds to the lady
who points at me, E flat;
and although we are no better for it,
they tell you to go. And you do.

ANNE SEXTON

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observers have stated categorically that the attack on Port Said and Ismailia was timed to coincide with the Israeli sweep through the desert and that England, France and Israel had been in close prior consultation.

BUT whatever his motives, Eden had entirely failed to gauge the reaction both in the United States and in England itself. He had thought that Washington would grant to its closest ally that benefit of the doubt which it often accorded to its enemies. The saddest passage in this sad book is that in which Eden compares the American attitude toward Hungary with its attitude toward Suez:

> The United States representative . . . voiced his suspicion that we were urging the Hungarian situation to divert attention from Suez. The United States Government appeared in no hurry to move. Their attitude provided a damaging contrast to the alacrity they were showing in arraigning the French and ourselves.

Mr. Dulles seemed to find himself in full accord with Mr. Nehru. The latter thought the Anglo-French outrage against Egypt "clear as daylight," whereas he could not follow "the very confusing situation" in Budapest.

But Eden was left in the lurch not only by the United States and most of the Commonwealth. A spasm of revulsion went through England. Its extent has been grossly exaggerated, but undoubtedly a great number of English people were not prepared to support armed intervention even against Nasser. Eden tells pathetically how Lady Eden went out to Trafalgar Square to view the hostile demonstrations. It is a revealing note. Having spent his political life in foreign affairs, the Prime Minister was gravely out of touch with his own people. Here Churchill must bear part of the blame. He had long viewed Eden as his successor but done little to broaden him for the task.

The final blow, however, came neither from Moscow, nor from Washington, nor even from the flaming oratory of Mr. Bevan. On November 5, the Chancellor of the Exchequer informed the cabinet that the Suez crisis had unleashed a heavy run on sterling. Reserves were falling fast, he asserted, and he felt dubious whether England could financially sustain further military action. Again, Eden was vulnerable through lack of experience. Like Churchill, he had no interest in the "dismal science" of economics. He felt that he must take his Chancellor's estimate at full value: A cease fire became inevitable.

Now this raises a fascinating question, for who was the Chancellor? None other than Mr. Macmillan. At the start of the Suez venture, Macmillan seems to have given Eden his complete backing. Did he swiftly reappraise the situation when he saw matters going wrong? And might he not, in that event, feel that it was his duty to the Conservative Party, to the Anglo-American alliance and to England to ease Eden out of office? Perhaps we shall never know, but it seems hard to believe that the run on sterling was quite as damaging as Macmillan made out. One cannot help wondering, also, about Churchill's role. Might he have given Macmillan a gentle nod? In view of Macmillan's superb renovation of the Tories over the past three years this would have been ruthless farsightedness. Eden had to go.

And so he did, a sick and bitter man. It is his conviction that present trends in the Middle East are accumulating toward future disaster and that the democracies are repeating in the sixties the errors they committed thirty years ago. The *Full Circle* is a grim one; it seems to lead back to Munich. Sir Anthony is confident that the dark future will justify his action against Suez, though it may not forgive his lack of prompt success (or, one might add, his methods). Many of his readers will disagree. I believe he is right.

New Ear for Emerson

EMERSON, A MODERN ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Alfred Kazin and Daniel Aaron. Houghton Mifflin Co. 399 pp. $4.

THE EARLY LECTURES OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, Vol. 1 (1833-1836). Edited by Stephen Whicher and Robert Spiller. Harvard University Press. 545 pp. $12.50.

David L. Norton

TWO GENERATIONS of our forebears looked to Ralph Waldo Emerson as the embodied spirit of religious America, and a third knew his name as the author of a set of volumes shelved prominently in every cultivated home. Then his light failed, and there are few people today in whom the name Emerson sparks more than a dim association or two. Now, suddenly, there are signs that the voice of the Concord saint will be heard again.

The psychic pendulum of the recent past has swung between anger and anguish. Ears attuned to sonic boom and cries of outraged flesh give no response to the serene harmonies of a Transcendental mystic. To have turned to Emerson in the first half of our century would have been an act of madness, like tending a rose throughout a shattering earthquake.

Curiously, both the quakes in our human foundations and the great structures which science has nevertheless managed to build on them throw cold light on two failings of Emerson — his blindness to evil and his disregard for facts. Evil for him was a misunderstanding, a shortsightedness. It threatened only those who lacked a nobler vision. Emerson's own preoccupation with the ideal left him no room for anything less. And facts were merely springboards for the mind. "Nature is no literalist; everything must be taken genially." Facts, he thought, require only to be recomposed by Reason—by which he meant imagination. This past half-century has dealt harshly with geniality and metaphysical imagination.

But signs appear now, indicating that we are ready to forgive. These two books, one popular, one for scholars, will turn new interest toward Emerson. At least two recent studies of current values in our culture have cited Emerson, and called for reorientation on lines he laid down. A traveling exhibit of American art has been organized on Emersonian principles, opposing the sociological mode of interpretation. And soon, I predict, interest in the humanism of the late Albert Camus will evoke a perception of his startling similarity to the Concord philosopher.

If Emerson's voice is becoming audible again, this can mean only that our environment is setting us free, for a time, to contemplate ideal possibilities, to perceive the grains of beauty in ugliness, of truth in absurdity, and of virtue in the unswept corners of existence.

THE *Modern Anthology* is particularly suited as a reintroduction to Emerson's thought. Drawing from the *Essays, Journals*, and *Letters*, it regroups the most characteristic passages under themes of current interest. Among the chapters carved out by Messrs. Kazin and Aaron are "An Original Relation to the Universe" (metaphysics and religion),

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"Friendship, Sex, and Other Subtle Antagonisms," "Our Abused Age" (political and social criticism, much of it still fresh today), "Art and Artists," "The Great Man" and "Himself" (introspections).

Clearly, this is a scissors-and-paste book, but the method does no great violence to the originals, for it is a quality of Emerson's own composition that separate ideas stand apart like sculptured islands. He wrote as he thought, aphoristically, trapping the moment's insight, freeing it quickly so as not to smother it, and then capturing another. He never succumbed to the system-building urge; he foresaw, we can be sure, the inevitable sophistries in such an enterprise, and the remoteness of crisp conceptual structures from existence as directly perceived. As George Santayana said, "His finer instinct kept him from doing that violence to his inspiration."

The rules he chose to abide by were those of poetry rather than philosophy. Consequently, he felt no obligation to work an idea beyond the moment of inspiration, or to defend it thereafter. Once, when challenged to give arguments in support of his views, he answered that he had no arguments, and further, that he did not know "what arguments mean in reference to any expression of thought." He perused carefully what flora and fauna he found in his path, relieved of the burden of subjectivism by his confidence that others passed the same way.

Continuity is provided in the *Modern Anthology* by the lucid commentary of the editors, who deserve to be canonized for honestly highlighting Emerson's weaknesses as well as his strengths. Their handling of the "Friendship, Sex . . ." chapter, for instance, makes it clear that some human relationships refused to be spiritualized, even by Emerson, and remained obstinately what they were despite his vision of them as something else entirely.

The Early Lectures is a book for confirmed Emersonians, not newcomers. First of a projected three volumes, it contains twenty-two addresses given by the youthful Emerson after leaving the Unitarian ministry and before the publication of his first book at age thirty-three. Designed to meet specific educational needs of his audiences, they are mainly factual and derivative, only faintly suggesting the originality of his later thought. Nevertheless the five lectures under the heading "Biography" (other categories are "Science," "Italy" and "English Literature") are interesting, for they foreshadow the Emerson-Carlyle thesis that men shape history, rather than the reverse. In new forms, this individualism is returning today to haunt the prevailing orthodoxy.

The candor and serenity which drew people to Emerson in his own time are clearly present in both of these volumes. In him we sense the purest spirit, through him we seem to see a nobler world. If those doctrines which secured his reputation then are more to be held against him now, perhaps this is to our advantage. By clearing away the doctrines of Correspondence and the Over-Soul we can see better what remains, which is considerable. To an age stifled by convention Emerson brings a breath of creative intuition. To a world fragmented by narrow loyalties Emerson offers the unity of poetic truth. Most of all, at a time when we look, awestruck, on the kinetic power of the atom, Emerson turns our eyes to the potential power of human personality.

Highbrow Satire

KO, OR A SEASON ON EARTH. By Kenneth Koch. Grove Press. 115 pp. $3.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

THE JACKET blurb says, *"Ko, or a Season on Earth,* is the first poem of epic length and spirit to appear on the American scene in more than thirty years. Following in the great comic tradition of *Orlando Furioso* and *Don Juan,* Kenneth Koch has written a poem with a subtle interweaving of plots which . . ." etc. Statements like this do a young author no good.

Many poems, some quite good, of epic length and spirit have appeared on the American scene in the last thirty years. In fact, poems of this sort are almost a vice of American authors. They all do it. The conventional ones write folk epics like *John Brown's Body.* The middle brows write *Newfoundland* or—I can't choose a Conrad Aiken, he writes almost nothing else. The highbrows, again there is too much to choose from: Olson's *Maximum Poems,* Zukofsky's *A,* even Eli Siegal has epic intentions, and the compressed Robert Creeley might surprise us any day with a ten-line epic. Almost all these poems are just plain better than Kenneth Koch's *Ko.* Furthermore, some are deeply comic. Some of course are not. American poets run to the philosophic epic—but certainly Zukofsky and Olson have far more kin-

KENNETH REXROTH, poet and critic, is the author of Bird in the Bush, *recently published by New Directions.*

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IS THERE AN AMERICAN IN THE HOUSE?

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ship with the great tradition of bitter comedy than, as yet, does Kenneth Koch.

There is nothing seriously wrong with this book. In fact, it is pretty good for a second book, especially one conceived on so ambitious a scale. What is this scale? *Don Juan*? *Orlando Furioso*? Certainly not. Kenneth Koch, fortunately for him, has better sense and knows his limitations. The tradition is the light, highbrow satire of *popular* comedy, invented I suppose by Apollinaire and pushed to its greatest achievement toward the end of Dadaism by Soupault, Aragon, Roger Vitrac. Its greatest representative today is Raymond Quennell.

How well does Kenneth Koch carry on this, his real "tradition"? The list of his French ancestors gives an indication to those in the know. These writers used prose, or at the most a kind of irregular free verse when the piece was in dramatic form. And whether classed as fiction or as drama, the dramatic form was kept tense, sharp, lively. Even Kenneth Patchen, who can write when he wants just about any kind of verse he wants, used prose for *Albion Moonlight*. But *Ko* is not *Albion Moonlight;* it is a somewhat lighter *Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer*. Now the trouble with wit is that it must be organized in such a way that it never gets tedious. Nothing is harder to sustain. Here there operates a kind of inverse law of diminishing returns. The real resemblance to *Don Juan* and *Orlando* is formal. *Ko* is in eight line, ten syllable stanzas, rhyming ABABABCC. This may have done fine once—but the very point of Byron's verse is that it was deliberately "reactionary" even in his day. In our day it is self-destructive. It is quite impossible to hold interest with this relentless clatter, and the frames of reference that once made it a kind of ironic parody are gone.

Another fault. Young musicians—even young Serialists—usually put too much, too many musical notions, thematic or otherwise, into their compositions. So too Kenneth Koch. This tale is too busy. Too many dogs beaten. Too many jokes. Only utter hilarity like Harold Lloyd can pile up humor safely. Most humor, all wit demand the strictest ordonnance. But this is a good second book, by a promising young writer. If it is far from as good as Quennell's *Zazie in the Metro,* it is probably better than Robert Coates's *Eater of Darkness*. Once Kenneth Koch achieves a more engaging form, he may well be a comic writer to be reckoned with. Now why can't blurb writers say things like that?

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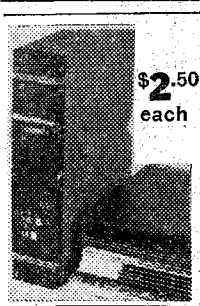

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ART

Fairfield Porter

WHEN a critic suggests that something is not worth doing because it has been done before, he is in effect urging an artist toward one of the more exciting aspects of art, the attempt to achieve the impossible. The creation of life by imitating its appearance was the impossibility attempted by the first representative artists. "Life" now has subjective validity, and deadliness is concomitant with what is not achieved, or in Cézanne's phrase, not realized.

The Janis Gallery got together (for an exhibition that closed on March 5) excellent examples of the painting of Mondrian and the sculptures and reliefs of Arp, in what they call their classical phases. The show was beautifully arranged. What these artists have in common is that each in his way made a heroic effort to achieve the impossible. Each one goes to a certain limit, and insofar as they achieve this limit, which is a sort of perfection, what they have done is paradoxical. They fix something—life—which cannot be fixed. However, the paradox is a logical one, for a work of visual art is stationary, it doesn't grow or move, or if it does, it inevitably changes into something unintended. Mondrian's paintings, characteristically straight black bars dividing the white rectangle of the canvas into right angles, with smaller rectangles of red or blue, have a severe, puritanical look; as De Kooning has said, like prison bars. But though the indiscipline of feeling seems to be rigidly excluded, at the same time they are not "thought up," not systematized, nor in the narrowest meaning, willed; but reached by contemplation.

IT TOOK Mondrian a long time of much adjustment to find the exact arrangement, which in every case has the absoluteness of justice. Mondrian seems to deny sensibility, but really what he lacked was quickness of intuition, a quality close to trust. It took him a long time to arrive at his decisions. He needed protection from the world, like an ascetic. He withdrew, to be free from interruption. His unbending exactness of line, his limiting himself to the right angle and to parallels, and to red, yellow and blue, gave an outer support against inner distrust. Certainly the right angle is reliable. But his fierce will was countered by a strong attachment to rhythmical music. His later paintings, like *Broadway Boogie Woogie* (in the catalogue, but not on the wall) are dominated, not by black bars, but by the intervals between squares sectioned from bars; and *New York City, I* (1942) is dominated by yellow bars. They emphasize absolutely controlled rhythm and color. Rhythm is the most temporal aspect of a temporal art, and time is what these paintings control into fixity. The tension is almost too much. Mondrian's effort was always in a way the denial of time, as well as the denial of depth. All of his paintings resemble a section across depth. But depth takes its revenge, and the white background becomes a hole.

Mondrian paintings that relate to music make, as it were, an instantaneous cross-section through the music. Ingres "left it to time to finish his paintings," but Mondrian would not have thought of that. Mondrian's paintings would be perfect raw material for a picture restorer, who wants to make the paintings

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that come into his workshop look as they looked when they first issued from the hand of their creator. Already the paintings from 1921 are beginning to look a little dingy; the perfect white surface (or in 1921, sometimes gray surface) is covered with fine cracks where the paint strokes have shrunk away from each other. Mondrian denies time, which in its turn has demonstrated its supremacy.

ARP'S tour de force, in his smooth marble abstract sculptures and in the reliefs of flat jig-saw cut-outs on a plane surface, is to reconcile infinite variety with absolute definition. As Mondrian used only right angles, so Arp never uses right angles, seldom straight lines (then only straight line-segments that are part of a continuity, which in topology comes under the definition of a curve), never circles, elipses, or plane surfaces, but always irregular or ovoid curves and surfaces, and incommensurable angles. This is the infinity with which Arp is concerned. He encloses it. He cannot accept infinity, so he goes right to the heart of the matter, and uses it. He not only uses it, he polishes it: he tries to make it completely perceptible. Few artists in any field think about the question at all (maybe Arp does not either, but if not, he has intuitive knowledge of it); they accept variety, they take it for granted, it is the way things are. Arp, too, knows that it is the way things are, but he wants somehow to control it. Like Mondrian, his originality consists in not taking the obvious for granted. But what he does is not (maybe) so impossible as what Mondrian does; for instance, some infinities can be enclosed in a limited space: it is mathematically possible to make a line of infinite length on a postage stamp. His magnificent craziness consists in wishing to have this under his thumb, in not being willing to let anything escape him. And so something does escape him, as it will escape any artist who wishes to deny the mystery of his actual existence. If all there is to life is its infinite variety, Arp gets it; just as, if life can be willed, Mondrian gets it. One can say that life is more than these things, for if infinity can be enclosed on a postage stamp, or if time can be sectioned, what you have is limited to the postage stamp or contained in an instant without duration, and all outside of this is judged invalid. The question is how satisfying are either of these points of view. I think that insofar as they approach logical perfection, they are very satisfying. But sometimes one wants something else.

Snow

Night falls; beloved emblems of earth,
you leave us again with the trees
and the animals, the poor folk
locked into the tunics of soldiers, the mothers
with tear-withered wombs.
Snow kindles a glow for us now on the fields,
like the moon's. O death-stricken ones, batter
our foreheads at last! batter your way to our hearts!
Let there be one to cry out in the quietness
in this whitening circle of graves.

SALVATORE QUASIMODO
(Translated by Ben Belitt)

THERE IS something else at French and Company: a huge exhibition of the sculpture of David Smith. Smith is the first American sculptor to make extensive use of welded steel. In a way, one could call his abstraction an answer to Arp and Mondrian. He does not represent, but his variety is the variety of the direct experience of nature. Nature means landscape (his sculpture looks best out of doors), and it means also experience that comes from more senses than just the visual one; for example, the welding, *Running Daughter*; and nature includes further, one's experience of tools and machinery. Smith's sculpture is sculpture for a new country, an empty country, where a high degree of technical achievement goes with the development of new and relatively uninhabited lands. It is the Coca-Cola bottle glinting in the wilderness, the abandoned gasoline pump at the edge of the virgin spruce forest, the railroad signal tower among the sunflowers of the prairie. It is these things, taken out of context, mischievously or artistically considered. Smith has tremendous energy, and he keeps producing things that have no systematic background of philosophical program; he convinces by the weight of his endlessly various invention, like Victor Hugo, pouring out poetry. But Smith's sculpture seems to me not to be a sculpture for cities, where it is overwhelmed, and where it doesn't add. His *Tank Totems* which were suggested by watertanks on skyscrapers, would not compel your attention on the tops of buildings. In the city his *Sentinels* and *Landcoasters* look like unemployed baggage dollies: inadequate or

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superseded. Smith's various *Agricolas*, suggesting farm implements, make art out of the machinery that rusts with disuse and obsolescence around farm buildings, since they are too large to be got rid of. In this case the organic structural relation to their use with growing things complements both an artificial and natural environment, while the disk-and-bar constructions called *Albany* hold their own best if helped by a bare or uncompetitive background.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IF YOU were thirty and inclined toward radicalism in the days of the Federal Theatre Project, you are likely to call Marc Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock* (recently revived by the New York City Opera) "dated." If in the meantime your radicalism has been transformed into that form of retirement that passes as aestheticism, you are prone to speak of the American piece as an inferior *Three Penny Opera*.

If however you are thirty today—or if the good old rebel time of which *The Cradle Will Rock* was a landmark passed by without your noticing it as anything more special than a period of bad business—you will probably enjoy the Blitzstein opera as a good show with a quality all its own.

The subject matter and plot of *The Cradle*—though crudely cartoonlike—is no more dated than the libretto of *La Bohème*. One is sentimental about "workers," the other about "artists." The charm of neither is specifically related to its surface story. And while it is true that without Brecht and Weill there would never have been a *Cradle*, Blitzstein has given the *Cradle* its very particular quality.

What it typifies is a certain permanent American big-city young-man cockiness, a derisive unwillingness to take any guff—political, social or casual—from anybody. It's the boy in the candy store, the man at the bar, the alert laborer refusing to be hoaxed by any pretension. It is the poor man's perpetual Bronx cheer against complacency that we hear on any city street not yet razed by traffic or the police. The music alternates between a note of vulgar guying and sweet, heartbroken yearning. Blitzstein is less sophisticated than his German models; more acid in anger, more tearful in hurt.

The new production—staged by Howard da Silva with sets by David Hays—is excellent in every respect, though Blitzstein's orchestration — otherwise very effective—seemed too meager at the end to be as rousing as intended. If this opera is retained in the repertory of the New York City Opera, don't let the snobs or the fearful prevent you from seeing it.

THE CITY CENTER was recently the scene of a perfect theatre event: the presentation by the Piccolo Teatro di Milano of Goldoni's eighteenth-century farce *The Servant of Two Masters*. This production is to tour a number of large cities and if it comes to a town within your compass, don't miss it.

The foreign language should not put you off. The production—including the dialogue—is all action. The players' very volubility is explosively and hilariously theatric, the sense of movement ceaselessly exhilarating. There is a visual histrionic joke (or sight gag) every minute. The precision of each trick or invention sparkles with the freshness of something improvised. The company is one of the finest theatre ensembles anywhere in the world. Such companies are usually associated with "heavy" drama. You will be glad to learn that *The Servant of Two Masters* is all exuberance.

I AM a coward: I hate to admit that *A Thurber Carnival* (Anta Theatre) did not delight me. I was about to write a "rave" review of it saying that I am probably the only person in New York who didn't care for it. Or to evade the issue by saying something cryptic like, "the show is simplicity itself."

Such critical orneriness (or obtuseness) must be explained. Let it be said immediately that this series of Thurber sketches boasts two pretty girls and several admirably cast comedians—Tom Ewell, Paul Ford, Peggy Cass, John McIver—and that the scenery which uses Thurber's now classic (and very individual) drawings is cleverly devised. I laughed too—though not nearly as much as most of the audience.

But I was not happy. There is something arid in this humor. I feel as if I were looking at a caricature of a latter-day Winesburg, Ohio, in which every creature was turned into a goon without charm. The world here is dehydrated, deflated, humanly emaciated. There is no trace of affection, joy, even good fellowship. The point of view is so disabused and disengaged as to appear nihilistic. Perhaps we should call it scarecrow comedy. Satire is undoubtedly implicit. But it strikes me as macabre. I am more horrified than amused by it.

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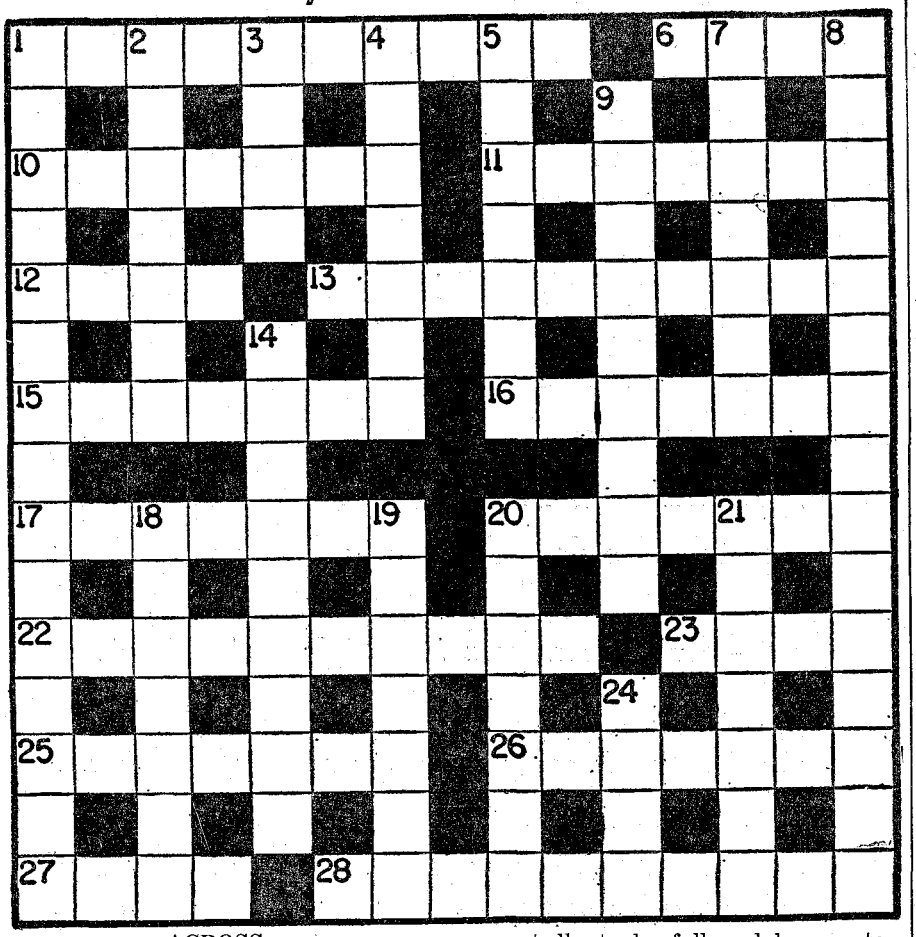
Crossword Puzzle No. 858

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It might be necessary in a girl-to-boy arrangement. (10)
6 To some extent a reason has no offshoot. (4)
10 To involve the fruit ball inside is completely wrong. (7)
11 See 1 down
12 See 3 down
13 Doesn't sound like a very bright hint, but it's a sign of softening. (10)
15 Evidently the last part isn't paid for, but is still provided with money. (7)
16 Some type might be like the sand—shifted. (4-3)
17 Where to expect dates to be broken, as an alternative? (7)
20 Strangely enough, the 28 is never this, despite the platitude about winning. (4, 3)
22 C three H six 0 three. (6, 4)
23 The responsibility seems to be placed upon you and me. (4)
25 Even gas gets even! (7)
26 A British politician in a bad condition of paralysis takes the waters in Africa. (7)
27 Soil or clean. (4)
28 The door of one was opened wide in Coleridge's poem. (10)

DOWN:

1 and 11 across But the Delius version wasn't the Tom-Tom number. (4, 3, 5, 3, 3, 4)
2 Tried hard, like a boy who is a dull fellow at heart. (7)
3 and 12 A successful revolution—reputedly to be followed by counter-revolution? (4, 4)
4 Everything bound to be around it is scored. (7)
5 Rather low, but not close up to the pike, for example. (7)
7 Gives a 12 or so all over again, about such as Boreas. (7)
8 Implying a mad man couldn't tell the difference between many wines? (3, 4, 2, 1, 5)
9 The quality of flesh, when not quite cured? (9)
14 Cry appearing in chants off the floor, perhaps. (9)
18 Not kept by the teller. (7)
19 Red airs rather more conservative than "Comrade!" (4, 3)
20 Most of 28's mate gets persuaded, but expressed anger. (7)
21 The place where the chamber is confused and filled with wild noise. (7)
24 Sticks up for a holier-than-thou attitude. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 857

ACROSS: 1 Mad money; 5 Oscars; 10 Vaulted; 11 Hairpin; 12 Motif; 13 Obsession; 14 and 22 Night Watch; 16 Gold leaf; 19 Lampreys; 24 Shipshape; 26 Alert; 28 Doublet; 29 Twelfth; 30 Steady; 31 Presents. DOWN: 2 Doubt; 3 Out of step; 4 Endlong; 6 and 1 down Swiss movement; 7 Applicant; 8 Sonant; 9 Chisel; 15 Gratitude; 17 Lawmakers; 18 Thatches; 20 Exacts; 21 Shelter; 23 Asides; 25 Solid; 27 Elfin.

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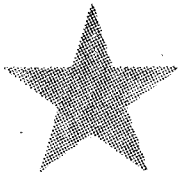

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—*Helen Lawrenson in* **ESQUIRE** *(March, 1960)*

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